

The Slater-Ashley Affair

By RAY LEWIS

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George Vanderpyle gazed from the balcony down upon the animated scene below, where many couples moved in rhythm with the seductive cadences of the palm-embowered orchestra. He had wandered into the chapter house in search of an old classmate and had paused for a moment to look on.

Suddenly, "Who is that wonderful woman?" he exclaimed, grabbing the arm of the young fellow nearest him and pointing out a slim figure swaying in the dance on the floor beneath.

"Who d'ye mean?" Billy Walters leaped farther over the balcony. "Oh, that! Why, that's Miss Slater, librarian of the Mary Webster Memorial—has been here several years."

The man who had addressed him made no comment, but merely continued to wait for the reappearance of the slender, silk-draped figure in the round of the waltz. George Vanderpyle had seen many women in his forty-odd years of life, but never, so he told himself, had he seen as beautiful, as graceful, as attractive a one. And to think of her being incarcerated in the Mary Webster Memorial! Where were the men, to permit such a thing?

Vanderpyle, back for his twentieth reunion, had dutifully done what was expected of him as a wealthy alumnus, and made the rounds of the various university buildings. He recalled the Mary Webster Memorial, erected since his time, as an architecturally perfect, severely classic building of cold stucco, with a dim, vaultlike interior—admirably adapted, no doubt, for the preservation of fragile first editions and rare manuscripts, but hardly a suitable environment for the winsome, glowing bit of flesh and blood he had just seen. He did not remember having seen her there. No doubt she had an assistant.

Suddenly, the man smiled, whimsically. All his life a mere desire on his part to see a thing accomplished had predicated its accomplishment. And although thus far the field of matchmaking was for him virgin soil, that fact might make a venture there all the more interesting.

Surely out of all his vast acquaintance he could pick some well-favored bachelor sufficiently cultured and worthy to rescue the beautiful librarian from the clutches of the Mary Webster Memorial and place her in the environment to which her loveliness and charm entitled her.

But first he would like to meet her—to make sure that she fulfilled upon acquaintance the promise of her face. "Who'll introduce me to her?" he asked young Walters, much to the latter's amusement. These old fellows coming back were dandy chaps and all that, and demanded loyalty as fraternity brothers, but it was odd to think of them being interested in the female sex! He considered a moment, reflectively.

Then, "Why, let me see," he said decisively. "You might ask Jack Ashley—he knows everybody."

Jack Ashley! The boy had hit it. Jack Ashley not only knew everybody but everybody knew Jack Ashley, knew of him as one of the finest products, mental and physical, ever turned out by the university. Vanderpyle knew a little of his history since graduation. He had hunted big game in Africa, had served with the Canadian troops, had become an American ace, and was now being spoken of for an important diplomatic post. And there was the very man he was looking for! What a pair they would make!

He found Ashley at the Union, swapping cigars and stories with other members of his class, which was about ten years later than that of Vanderpyle. Like the canny financier he was, the latter approached his object obliquely. For he was becoming as enthusiastic over the match as was his custom in closing a business deal involving millions.

Settling himself in a deep-cushioned chair, he joined in the conversation. Not till its close did he direct his attention particularly to Ashley. Then, "I'm interested," he began, "in the Bereton Americana. Come over with me in the morning to the Mary Webster Memorial and tell me what you think of the collection."

Ashley amiably agreed, and the conversation drifted to other channels. Vanderpyle, regarding the man opposite, wondered how he had escaped the matrimonial net. Surely it could not have been through neglect on the part of the women! Perhaps he was awaiting an ideal, so perfect that he had never found her.

At the thought, Vanderpyle nearly chuckled aloud. She had been found for him!

Next morning the two men met at the small library which was selatly situated on a side street beyond the campus, apart from the ways trodden by the commencement week crowds, and presently Vanderpyle found himself shaking the slim fingers of Anne Slater and looking into her dark eyes. She was even more charming than he had hoped, with a simple directness of glance, low contralto voice, and fine eyes which looked first at him, inquiringly, and then, almost with startling surprise, at Ashley. Yes, apparently Ashley had known her all right, for they had called each other immediate-

ly by name. That young Walters chap had been a wise one.

Content to let whatever slight acquaintance the two may have had develop, he sauntered away, ostentatiously displaying deep interest in the glass cases displaying yellow-leaved books with ragged margins. To his surprise, he ultimately did become absorbed in an odd collection, and an hour slipped by unnoticed.

When he looked up from the last pamphlet, he noticed that he was still alone. Good for Ashley, by George! Knew enough to recognize his opportunity!

He found them still standing by the desk where he had left them, and enveloped in Ashley's hand was Anne's. Vanderpyle's entrance startled them into separation, although he had not uttered the exclamation of surprise on his lips. Jack Ashley showed speed, he was thinking. On the way from the library he heard the story, Jack and Anne had been engaged in their college days and had become separated through a misunderstanding. Circumstances had combined to keep them apart, the war for Jack, years spent traveling with an invalid aunt for Anne. Jack had returned to his reunion, unaware of her proximity. Also between the two of them had not quite died out the bitterness of the trivial yet, to them, important quarrel.

"And I certainly owe it to you!" declared Jack soberly. "It's all due to your interest in the Bereton Americana! We are going to waste no more time, but be married immediately. I'm telephoning this noon for berths on the Celtic, which sails next week."

Vanderpyle accepted Ashley's gratitude meekly. After all, his intentions, although somewhat anticipated, had been to achieve the same result.

So Anne and Jack were married—as George Vanderpyle had planned. But about two things, he had always wondered. First, just how much had Billy Walters with an undergraduate's penchant for romance, heard of the affair between the fair librarian and the football hero?

Secondly—this after seeing Anne laughing and chatting with the duke of Norcourt at the London horse show, a small Jack Ashley in the offing, a miniature Anne at her side—just why had he been so generous to Jack Ashley?

ANCIENT ENGLISH "TAG DAY"

Present-Day Method of Raising Money May Be Traced to Custom of Eton College.

Montem, a curious custom long ago allowed to lapse, used to be an institution at the great public school of Eton in England. In his reminiscences, Mr. Montagu Williams gives us a description of it.

Montem took place once every three years. It was originally founded for the benefit of any college student who in his last year attained the highest place in the school, but who, by reason of no vacancy occurring in time, had not the luck to be sent to King's college, Cambridge. All the money that was taken, under the peculiar name of "salt," passed into his pockets on the day that he left and was supposed to go a long way toward paying his expenses at either Oxford or Cambridge. The amount collected was sometimes 1,000 or even 1,200 pounds.

There was a certain number of sixth-form, or upper division, boys who wore fancy dresses and acted as salt bearers. They carried large silken bags into which they put the money collected from visitors and passers-by. The donors received in return for their contributions little pieces of blue paper on which was inscribed the motto for the montem of that particular year. The motto for the last montem was "pro more et monte."

Royalty itself was not free from the tax. Two salt bearers were stationed at Windsor bridge, and when the queen drove down the hill—and she never missed a montem—the elder of the two stepped forward, stopped the carriage and, taking off his hat with the words, "Salt, your majesty, salt," placed under contribution the highest and noblest lady of the land.—Youth's Companion.

Knights Wore Feather Ornaments. It is pretty certain that the custom of the knights and cavaliers of wearing feathers did not come from the Indians. In the fourteenth century, in the reign of Edward II, it is set down that the knights wore on their shoulders feather ornaments called "ailettes" or little wings.

All the men of that generation and those that immediately succeeded it wore plumes of ostrich feathers. These feather ornaments were worn in the left side that the right or sword arm should be free from hindrance. Peacock feathers were considered harbingers of bad luck. One chronicler writes that the men wore "feathers of preposterous size."

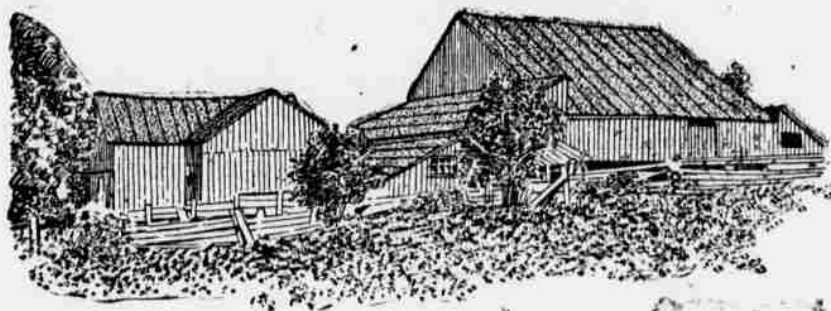
Dire Punishment for Sin.

In his work, "Voyages in the Interior of America," Alexander Mackenzie, the famous fur-trader and explorer, who crossed the continent to what is now the coast of British Columbia, tells of a tradition common among the Indians of a tribe called the "Chipewyans." At death they said that the soul was placed in a stone ferryboat, till judgment had been passed on it. If the judgment was adverse, the boat sank in the stream, leaving the victim chin deep in the water, where he suffered endless thirst, and made fruitless attempts to escape to the Islands of the Blessed.



AT MORRISVILLE, WEEK OF JULY 4th

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STOWE

Mrs. Jennie Hall of Boston is visiting her sister, Mrs. Julia Jones.

F. E. Smith of Moscow is on a business trip to Boston and New York.

Miss Ruth Sheldon of Lowell, Mass., is visiting her cousins, the Misses Alice and Glendora Nutting.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Douglass of Waterville visited Mr. and Mrs. Moses Douglass the first of last week.

Miss Edith Johnson has returned from Richmond, where she visited her grandmother, Mrs. Ella Johnson.

Mrs. Margaret Goodell Palady and child of Williston visited her father, Frank Goodell, at W. T. Burt's last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Coan of Hartford, Conn., are visiting Mr. Coan's brother, Max Coan and family and other friends, in this vicinity.

Mrs. C. J. Strand and daughter, Sylvia, have returned from Brattleboro, where they were called by the illness of Mr. Strand's mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank George and Mr. and Mrs. Hollis Nelson of Montpelier visited Mrs. Carrie George at the Green Mountain Inn recently.

Orlo K. Jenney, who was graduated from the University of Vermont Agricultural College Monday, has secured a position as instructor in agriculture at the Jeffersonville high school the coming year.

Edwin A. Bigelow, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bigelow of Salem, Mass., is finishing a post-graduate course at Harvard and will take a position August 1st, with the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey.

The Mills family, who have gone to California to live, were among those formerly of Stowe who were present at the Vermont party recently attended by nearly a thousand Vermonters at Los Angeles.

Miss Madeline Boardman, who was graduated Monday from the University of Vermont, and who returned to her home in Stowe Wednesday, has secured a position as teacher of English in the Vergennes high school for the coming year.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Labounty of Charlotte, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Johnson and daughter, Mary, of Williston, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kenyon, Mrs. Ella Johnson and B. C. Johnson of Richmond, were recent visitors of Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Johnson.

Mrs. Lola B. Douglass has recently visited her cousin, Mrs. Blanche Sayles, at Marvern, Pa., on her return to Stowe from an extended trip of 11 months through the United States. During her visit in Pennsylvania she was given a dinner party at Marvern, by Mrs. W. H. Haynes, formerly Miss Myra Cheney of Stowe on June 2, which was followed June 9 by another dinner given by Mrs. Sayles. On June 13, another party was given in her honor at "Penvance," the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Houston at Daylesford, Penna., and on June 5 all families enjoyed a picnic in the woods adjoining Penvance.

Delivering the Goods.

Edouard Belin, the inventor of photography by wire, said at a dinner in New York:

"Of course, the transmission of photographs by wire was thought out before my time. But my predecessors, though their theory was all right, could not put it into practice. So nothing much came of their work, for an inventor's backers insist on the prompt delivery of the goods."

"An inventor can't treat his backers as Whistler, the painter, treated his sitters. One of Whistler's sitters, you know, was in a hurry to have her portrait. Finally she said:

"Now, Mr. Whistler, you've been at work on this portrait of mine a very long time. When will it be finished and delivered?"

"Perhaps never, ma'am," said Whistler calmly."

Boys Study Reforestation.

Reforestation clubs for boys are being formed in the public schools of Louisiana. Seeds and trees are supplied by the state department of conservation and prizes are offered for the best results. The work is timely in view of the assertion, made recently by the forest service, that timber is cut and burned in the United States four times as fast as it is growing.

Not Wasted.

Miss Sue Brett—So you courted that girl for six years, did you?
Footlight—Yes, I did.
"And you didn't marry her?"
"No."
"Then all of love's labor is lost?"
"Oh, no, I can't say that. You see, she's a film star now; and by the great eyebrows of Venus! you just ought to see her make love!"

What has become of the old-fashioned philosopher who used to declare that the interests of the employer and the employee are the same?

Industrial peace seems almost as slow of realization as political peace between the nations. Has anybody thought of a league of industries?

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